

OCTOBER 1933

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# *Our Dumb Animals*



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# Our Dumb Animals

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The Massachusetts Society  
for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals  
The American Humane Education Society  
The American Band of Mercy

I would not enter on my list of friends,  
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,  
Yet wanting sensibility, the man  
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.

—COWPER



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No. 10

We congratulate the Royal S. P. C. A. of Sydney, Australia, upon its sixtieth anniversary. Sixty years of fine service.

The Abandoned Cat—The Last of August and early September is the fateful time for, Heaven only knows how many, unfortunate cats left abandoned and homeless by heartless people leaving their summer resorts. Our Society will gladly send for any and all small animals whose owners will drop us a post card.

The Bureau of Agricultural Economics reports a rather surprising shortage of horses and mules throughout the farming sections of the country. Farmers, unable to keep up the more expensive tractors and trucks, are finding it difficult to replace them with mules and horses. The breeding of these animals in larger numbers has begun.

Good news comes from Palestine. There is a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals covering Jaffa and Tel Aviv. At its recent animal parade four or five hundred people were present. The Society has a hospital with dog kennels. It has a veterinary surgeon, a chief inspector, British, an Arab inspector, one Jewish inspector and two stable boys.

## A Roosevelt and the Spanish Bull-fight

With deep regret, humane people of many nations have read of the presence of a son of President Roosevelt at a Spanish bull-fight and his reported pleasure at the spectacle, and his gratification when he rose to acknowledge the honor—Heaven save the mark—of having a bull dedicated to him. The world of thoughtful men and women who have for generations looked with horror upon that relic of barbarism, the Spanish bull-fight, will find it hard to believe that the parents of this young man have read of his conduct in Spain with anything but pain and humiliation.

## If Only

IF only all the people in the United States who are the friends of horses and dogs and cats and birds, who seek their welfare, could give one small fraction of their interest in animals to those millions of animals, victims of the slaughter-house, an amount of suffering beyond all conception would be saved those hosts of cattle, sheep and swine that daily, year in and year out, tread their *via dolorosa* to stagger beneath the blow, often many times repeated, of the pole-axe, and gasp out their life from their bleeding throats.

A horse beaten on the street, a dog crying with pain from a speeding automobile that has struck him, a cat starved and homeless hurrying into some lonely alley, a bird fallen from its nest and faintly calling for help—these quicken our sympathy and summon us to their aid. But on and on and on through all the weary days plods the unending procession of our food animals to a death as unnecessarily cruel and painful as our surgical operations would be today should our surgeons refuse their patients the blessed unconsciousness that comes from a modern anaesthetic. Humane killing of our food animals! Why do we not have it? It costs too much. When humane people who eat meat refuse to eat meat which has cost a living creature what death in the modern slaughter-house has cost it, the day of humane slaughter will dawn.

On a tablet set into the facade of one of the principal buildings of the German abattoir in Dresden are the following words:

*"Thine is a task of blood; discharge that task*

*With mercy: let thy victim know  
No pain, but let the sudden blow  
Bring death, such death as thou thyself  
would'st ask."*

Imagine that written on the front of any American slaughter-house!

A Century of Progress at Chicago! In science, in industry, in many another field of human activity? Yes. In the way we slaughter our food animals? No. Alas, in this respect, no century of progress.

## Differing from a Great Humanitarian

HENRY S. SALT, an English humanitarian, one of the world's best known among all interested in animal welfare both as writer and thinker, in an article entitled "Reason or Revelation," questions the assertion of those who would "ascribe all humane efforts to some heaven-sent inspiration; as when a zoophilist writer urges that kindness to animals is a positive duty to Christians, 'precisely for the sake of their faith.'" "What," he asks, "has that faith done for the benefit of non-humans?" and replies, "It were hard to discover." "For, frankly," he continues, "what reprobation of cruel practices such as hunting, or of the general neglect and ill-usage of animals, do Christians find in their Bibles? None at all."

One is loath to differ with one so honored as Mr. Salt is by the writer of these words. Still, something may be said, we think, on the other side. No one, probably, would "ascribe all humane effort to some heaven-sent inspiration," that is, to some supernatural revelation enjoining justice and compassion to all sub-human creatures; too many of life's finer impulses, we believe, come with the most of us from the unseen out of which we are born for that to be true. Perhaps we do not come "trailing clouds of glory with us from God who is our home," but something comes with us beside the spirit of cruelty, strife and inhumanity. And as to the statement that in our Bibles there is "no reprobation of cruel practices such as hunting and ill-usage of animals," we feel confident that is hardly true. To be sure, we know of no direct, explicit injunction in the Bible not to hunt, neither do we find any positive command not to beat a horse or a mule or other animal. But is there nothing anywhere from Genesis to Revelation that reveals a spirit clearly and unmistakably on the side of justice and compassion toward all sentient life—animals as well as men?

Let us look at certain passages and see if there is no warrant for saying that the reader of the Bible does find that



which really and positively leads him to believe that the God of whom it speaks does care for animals and so those who believe in him must also care for them and guard them against ill-usage.

A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel. Proverbs 12:10

He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle, and herb for the service of man.

Psalm 104:14

These (the reference is to animals) wait all upon thee: that thou mayest give them their meat in due season. Psalm 104:27

Thou shalt not see thy brother's ass or his ox fall down by the way, and hide thyself from them. Deuteronomy 22:4

Isn't that an injunction not to neglect an animal?

If thou see the ass of him that hateth thee, lying under his burden, and wouldst forbear to help him; thou shalt surely help with him.

Exodus 23:5

Six days thou shalt do thy work, and on the seventh day thou shalt rest: that thine ox and thine ass may rest. Exodus 23:12

Thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn. Deuteronomy 25:4

He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry. Psalm 147:9

With these consider also the words of Matthew 6:26:

Behold the fowls of the air; for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them.

What though he feedeth them through their own activities in seeking food, is it not implied that he has provided food for them? There are other passages we might quote of similar character.

What is the meaning of that injunction in Exodus 23:19, "Thou shalt not seethe a kid in his mother's milk?" One of the ablest rabbis in the country, whose interpretation of the words we have sought, replies, "The command was given because it would be an inhumane thing to do, repulsive to all thoughtful people." Likewise consider the passage in Deuteronomy 22:6, where one is forbidden, should the nest of a bird be found *in the way*, to take a bird sitting either upon her young or upon her eggs though the young or the eggs may be taken. Again our friend, the rabbi, said, "Back of this injunction is the idea of humaneness. If the nest is *in the way* and must be removed, spare at least the mother."

From Mr. Salt we must again differ. He says that "the attempt made by some writers to see great tenderness in such a text as that which speaks of not a sparrow falling on the ground 'without your Father,' (Matthew 10:29) are unjustified because, from the study of the content, the passage clearly has reference to the omniscience, not the humaneness, of the Deity." "Frankly studied," he says, "with its conclusion, 'Ye are of more value than many sparrows,' it is proved to carry a meaning the reverse of that which some zoophilists read into it." What is the context? The Lord is sending out his disciples to preach the good tidings of the kingdom. They are to take neither gold nor silver, nor scrip for their journey. He warns them against those who will persecute them, imprison them. He tells them they shall be turned from many a door denied food and shelter. But they are to fear no ills that may befall the body alone, only him that might destroy both soul and body,



International News Photo

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and then says that not a sparrow falls without their Father. What can the meaning be except that if God cares enough about a sparrow to mark its fall much more will he care for them, of more value, of course, than many sparrows. The same words are found in the passage in Matthew 6:26 when their Heavenly Father is said to care enough about the birds to feed them. "Are ye not much better than they?" So far as we know, Mr. Salt's understanding of the meaning of this passage stands alone. Against it is the interpretation put upon it by every student of the New Testament with whom we are familiar.

Mr. Salt can certainly claim the Apostle Paul as on his side so far as stating that the God of the Bible does not care, at least, for oxen. For the apostle, quoting the passage which forbids muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn, says, "Doth God care for oxen?" Evidently he would say no, because he goes on to say that command was written altogether "for our sakes" since he that ploweth should plow in hope; that is, the laborer is worthy of his hire. Well, Paul, like the most of the men of his day, apparently was little interested in animal welfare. We are confident he was wrong. We are sure from the passage itself and from many another biblical saying that the God of the Bible does care for oxen. And who that reads the gospels can think of a sincere follower of the Galilean facing cruelty and suffering in any other spirit than that of sympathy and helpfulness? Oh, yes, we know the age-old and tragic story of the cruelties inflicted on man and beast by ten times ten thousand and thousands of thousands professing discipleship with the man of Nazareth. We know, too, of many noble, humane, Christ-like men and women who have never named His name.

Mr. Salt, we are confident you will read what we have written in that same tolerant humane spirit which has given you your commanding place in the humane world.

## Synthetic Illusion

G. D. FRONABARGER

**M**ONTHS have passed since Denver M. Wright, a St. Louis manufacturer, staged his two synthetic Missouri lion hunts. Even persons closely associated with these so-called safari expeditions evidence only a contemptuous smirk when the occasions are recalled. But Wright, unintentionally, accomplished one thing; he aroused statewide and official sympathy sufficient to cause the enactment of legislation banning forever "big game" hunts of the "manufactured" sort in Missouri.

The writer, a newspaper reporter, was present on the first "expedition." He saw, while Wright and his companions were feasting on a chicken dinner, the lions fall innocent victims to deadly sub-machine gun fire, let loose by the trembling hands of an excited native.

The lions, a pair of little more than half-grown females, died like rabbits. They offered no more resistance than a cotton-tail bunny and, I am reliably informed, the lions on the second hunt died while sleeping. I was not present on the second hunt, because of my own choice and Wright's. The two "hunts" were an artificial conception of sportsmanship, a sort of synthetic illusion. The result was execution—slaughter.

Wright's lions were familiar with human beings—trusted them. Three of us walked onto them, lying side by side in a thicket four hours after they were released on a small Mississippi river island from which there was no escape. They just stared at us in wonderment. Then one started to yawn. A hunter with the machine gun must have mistaken that for an evil gesture. The lions died in less time than it takes to say it.

Perhaps that was more humane than what they otherwise would have had in store. The weather was cold, and a drizzle of rain made the day everything but comfortable. Not a climate for a beast of the tropics. Too, there was an army of hunters, all to cover a small island. I dare say the beasts would have been painfully injured before meeting death. Any other escape from their fate would have been by drowning.

There's one man in Missouri who owns a little real humaneness. Thanks to Representative E. M. Munger of Chaffee, Scott County—He is the author of the bill which in a recent session of the state legislature definitely established that there will be no more lion hunts in Missouri.

## What Jack London Wrote

I have witnessed the deaths of old and young, and even infants, from sheer starvation. I have seen men and women beaten by whips and clubs and fists, and I have seen the rhinoceros-hide whips laid around the naked torsos of black boys so heartily that each stroke stripped away the skin in full circle. And yet, and let me add finally, never have I been so appalled and shocked by the world's cruelty as I have been appalled and shocked in the midst of happy, laughing, and applauding audiences when trained-animal turns were being performed on the stage.

## Voice of the Night

SOLVEIG PAULSON

*Out in the woods at night time,  
With the stars hanging bright and high,  
I stirred in my sleep and listened  
To the voice of the night's low cry.*

*Mournful and mild and tender,  
It came on a stirring breeze  
And whispered among the bushes  
And lifted through the trees.*

*"Hush, little creatures, and rest,  
Hush, little birds and fawn,  
Rest in the dusky shadows,  
You are safe till the break of dawn.*

*"You are safe from dogs and hunters,  
From the cruel greed of men,  
Rest now in the quiet darkness,  
For morning brings fear again."*

*I gazed at the twinkling heavens  
And pondered the Maker's plan,  
In giving the fate of His creatures  
Into the hands of man.*

*I pondered until I knew  
With a knowledge sure and meek  
That strength was only meant to be  
Protection for the weak.*

An Englishman, on a visit to the West, decided to go horseback riding. The hostler who was to attend him asked: "Do you prefer an English saddle or a Western saddle?"

"What's the difference between them?" he asked. "The Western saddle has a horn," replied the attendant. "I don't think I'll need the horn," said the Englishman. I don't intend to ride in heavy traffic."

## On Keeping the Eyes Open

WALTER A. DYER

I HAVE never been able to feel much sympathy for the person whose love for animal life is bounded by the remark, "I love dogs but I hate cats." Personal idiosyncrasies must be taken into account, but it seems to me that no one can rightly lay claim to a genuine love for animals whose interest is restricted to horses or to birds or to any one species. The whole wide world of living, sentient creatures has been given us to enjoy, and cruelty and injustice will cease only when mankind recognizes his kinship with them all.

So far as wild life is concerned, most of us know little enough about it, and that is probably why so many of us complacently accept the law of the hunter, that grouse are to be shot, foxes trapped, and snakes killed with a club. To know more about them all becomes the duty of the humanitarian, and that knowledge cannot come from watching animals in a zoo.

I have little patience with the man or woman who professes ignorance of bird and animal life on the ground that he or she has no time or opportunity to become a naturalist. One does not need to become a naturalist in order to feel acquainted with the lives of the wild creatures about us. In small towns and in the country, particularly, all one needs to do is to keep one's eyes open and the acquaintance will often come unasked.

I have never in my life gone about looking for humming-birds, for example, but every year the lovely little creatures come to me. When I am least expecting a visit a humming-bird will often appear swiftly within the range of my vision, make his

lightning-like foray on the garden flowers, and vanish, but in that short time I have learned something about him.

Of all the garden flowers, I believe that columbines are the best lure for the humming-bird. Last year I had reason to believe that a pair of humming-birds had a nest not far from our columbines, though I never found it. One may often go a whole summer without ever seeing a humming-bird except on the wing, but this pair often came to rest nearby. I had an excellent chance to observe their coloring—the male with his back of bright metallic green and his ruby-red throat like iridescent satin, and the female in her duller greenish gown.

I am told that male humming-birds sometimes fight terrific though miniature duels. I have never witnessed that sight, but I did see my pair at their second courting. The date was June 20. I saw the wee lady first sitting like a feathered grace note on the telephone wire. Then she flew down and alighted on a bush not far from our columbines. From somewhere the male suddenly appeared. He darted at her like a bullet, as though intending to strike her a killing blow with his sharp bill, but he veered off just in time. It was, no doubt, a part of the technique of humming-bird wooing. The lady remained unruffled.

Then began the most amazing performance I have ever seen. The male began swinging in a big arc, perhaps twenty-five feet wide, and rising eight or nine feet from the ground. Each swing brought him within a hair's breadth of his unperturbed and apparently unimpressed mate. Back and forth he swooped a dozen times, as if in a huge swing or at the end of a long pendulum. Then he darted off like an arrow and his mate, in her own good time, followed.

Other birds have come wooing in my very dooryard. The prettiest of all, I think, is the purple finch. I saw him once in the dust of the road, with his wings spread and his tail raised fan-shape like a miniature turkey cock, strutting and dancing about his indifferent innamorata and uttering plaintive little peeps. When she flew to the low branch of a tree he followed and presently I heard his delicious song of rapture. Baltimore orioles come courting in May and I hear the male's appealing call, "Here, here, sweetheart, over here, please." Barn swallows play the game of love boldly on the telephone wire, the male sidling ever closer to his mate until, annoyed, she flies away.

All such glimpses of intimate bird life come not alone to ornithologists but to anyone who will keep his eyes open. One day, early in June, I watched a young robin with speckled breast among the growing plants in our annual flower bed. He was being patiently taught to hunt by a parent not much bigger than himself. His mother kept bringing up bugs and worms and thrusting them down his seemingly bottomless gullet. Then she would hop away a bit and scold him for being so slow and stupid. It was high time he was foraging for himself. But he only stood there and waited, obviously counting on her continued indulgence, curiously like a great, overgrown, backward schoolboy.



Acme Photo

## GROSS CRUELTY BY DOG RACERS CHARGED IN LOS ANGELES

Almost unbelievable cruelty to animals was charged in Los Angeles recently when three men were arrested as they were training racing dogs to chase rabbits. Officer H. G. Grandy, who took the accompanying photograph, reported that the helpless, live rabbit was suspended from the pole attached to the track by a cord run through the rabbit's flesh! The man in the picture is J. L. Eving, Grandy's partner.

One day I heard a sharp tapping on the tin rain gutter of my barn and went to investigate. For some time I was puzzled, but at length I solved the mystery. It was not a woodpecker, as I had supposed, but a mother phoebe chopping up an extra large beetle before attempting to feed it to her young.

But birds and animals are not the only creatures whose interesting habits may be revealed to the person with open eyes. Bees and wasps and ants are a never-failing source of interest. And spiders. I have often wondered whether any creature displays more advanced reasoning power than a spider when repairing his web. I have often watched him at work. The big gossamer wheel may have been built mechanically and instinctively in the first place, but when a part of it has been in some way destroyed, the repair job requires thought and planning of a high order that are never twice the same. The spider crawls about the gaping hole, studies the situation, plans his campaign, and then begins to splice and renew the strands until the beautiful structure is whole again. The intelligence displayed is sometimes almost unbelievable.

To train this faculty of observation in children, and to cultivate their attitude of inquiry, should be one of the major aims of education, and it cannot well be done in the school-room. Men and women who grow up with eyes closed to the wonders of the animal world are missing something that no knowledge of books can replace.

More friends are needed to endow stalls and new kennels in the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital. Payments of thirty-five dollars for a kennel or seventy-five dollars for a stall will insure a suitable marker inscribed with donor's name. Terms of permanent endowment of free stalls and kennels will be given upon application to the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.



MOTHER BEAR AND HER CUBS AT PLAY

## Wild Mothers and Their Young

### SILVERQUILL

**W**ILD mothers are *real* mothers in every sense of the word.

They are wooed by ardent partners in all the romance of purring plea and flaming song. They are governed by the strictest hymeneal laws, and they provide the most comfortable homes imaginable for their children.

Contemplate the woven wonder of the oriole's nest—the downy softness of the mouse's boudoir—the wind-rocked artistry of the robin's home—the mist-cooled corridors of the sea gull's cliff—the aspen twilight where wild fawns hide—the castled crags where eagles brood—the vine-sweet estate of the hermit thrush, and the tulle-guarded retreats to which the silken whisper of the wild duck's wings may lead!

What wild mother, unmolested, ever deserted her young? When storms sweep down the hills, and the broad winds are brave on the land, they cover their little ones with their breasts, for the loves of wild mothers go even to death. The mourning dove, the quail and other birds simulate a broken wing, fluttering along the ground as if wounded, in their efforts to draw an enemy away from their young to themselves. The cow hides her calf and goes directly away from it. The antelope blends her offspring with the tawny vastness of the prairie, and the silvermane rushes a tempest of fury on anything that threatens her family.

What wild mother ever failed to provide for her household? With the first purple of the damask dawn comes the whirr of pinions—the little mothers of the wilderness are abroad in search of food. To a small round opening in an oak tree where a limb had been, a thrush was seen to come every five minutes with food over a period of some hours. Yet this tireless provider did not give all her morsels to one fledgling, but fed them all in turn.

In the Big Smoky Mountains, of Idaho, a hunter climbed to a hawk's nest in the top of a fir tree for the purpose of studying the birds in it. While close to the nest the mother hawk swooped down upon him, trying to beat him back with her wings.

There is something decidedly maternal in an opossum carrying her progeny on her back, their tails twisted around her own. When undisturbed a grouse brood will move through the mountain mint with no more sound than a falling leaf, save a low whistling note which keeps them together, but at the first detection of danger the hen will utter a sudden note of warning, and instantly every member of the group is on guard. A cat will carry her kittens for miles, one at a time, to remove them to a place of safety. A mother coyote digs several holes in a given locality, and some of them a considerable distance apart. If her dwelling place

is discovered, and there is the slightest opportunity, she will immediately whisk her whelps away to another hole.

Family life among wild cattle is very beautiful. One will find some matronly old cow, exercising a dignified queenship over her descendants to the third and fourth generation, as they rotate about her. These wild cattle mothers also have the very interesting, almost human practice of turning their young calves over to some old cow chaperon in the spring that will take charge of a dozen or more of them while their mothers wander away in search of food. Hidden in some warm dimple of the hill the members of this little kindergarten will cuddle close together, watched over and protected by the single old matron keeping her faithful beat around them. At the first sign of danger she will set up a hideous bellowing which will bring the absent parents back at a tearing run with tempests of protestation, backs hunched and horns lowered for the fray.

A pelican fills her pouch with fish which her young bring forth with greedy beaks. A prairie wolf gorges herself on her kill and carries it to her hungry little ones in her stomach. The mother deer is very affectionate. In a lofty pass of the Sawtooth Range, in Idaho, two travelers discovered a doe and her fawns at a little spring below some willows in an open gulch. At sight of them the doe bounded away in the direction of a dense aspen thicket, followed by one of the fawns. But the other, becoming bewildered, began climbing the open hillside toward the two men.

After running a hundred yards this wild mother stopped suddenly and looked back. Instantly she discovered the danger the little creature was in, and there and then took place one of the finest exhibitions of maternal love ever seen in city or wilderness, for the timid doe, though trembling with fright, came dashing back, following the fawn up the mountain to within a hundred and fifty feet of the intruders, trying to attract the attention of her baby, her glorious dark eyes cloudy with anxiety.

There she stood, unprotected in the open, mastering her natural dread of man and staking her life because of her love. No woman ever did more, everything considered. The hunters moved on, leaving the little sylvan family to their certain reunion.

### Liverpool's Strong Horses

Liverpool claims the strongest horses in the world, and that they are the descendants of those that the Britons used in their battle against the Romans about the beginning of the Christian era. Two of these horses actually pulled eighteen and a half tons on a slippery road, and two others pulled twenty-nine and a half tons on a dynamometer built to register only twenty-nine tons.

—Golden Age

### What Will Rogers Says

Here is a queer streak in me. I am no hunting man nor fishing either... I just don't want to be shooting at any animal, and even a fish I haven't got the heart to pull the hook out of him.



## Birds

CECIL NOEL

*Did you hear the songs of the birds this morn,*

*As the earth was flooded with golden dawn?  
I listened, and oh, in my heart, there still  
Echoes the music from tree top and hill.*

*Did you see the first robin come out today?  
I heard him chant his sweet roundelay.  
His mate is waiting on yonder tree,  
And I think her heart is bursting with glee.*

*Ah, Life without birds were a sorry sight,  
Like gloom of night ere the dawn's bright  
light.*

*So hark to the birds in the budding trees  
As they sing and chirp in the fanning  
breeze.*

## Bird Sanctuary in Seattle

HAZELANA GOODWIN

A wild fowl sanctuary was established by the Seattle Park Board in Lake Washington, within the city limits, in September, 1930. Since then the number of birds has grown steadily until at the height of migration period (about December 1) over 10,000 ducks were estimated in one daily feed.

Thousands of water fowl are fed daily. During 1932 more than fifty tons of wheat were fed to the birds.

During the fall migration the total number of ducks is increased by more than ten times the number that were more or less localized. Last year about 200 young ducks bred on a small island adjacent to the sanctuary.

Some of the specials that have been observed here are: mallard, teal, coot, scaup (blue bill), pintail, canvas-back, shoveller, goldeneye, Merganser, buffle-head, ruddy with occasional ring-necked, baldpate, Barrow's golden-eye, and hooded Merganser. About 85 per cent are mallards.

## The Bog-Sucker

NEVIN O. WINTER

IN the early spring, just after the frost is out of the ground, there arrives in the northern states from somewhere near the Gulf of Mexico, where he has wintered, one of our oddest-looking birds. His legs are short, his head seems to be set right on his shoulders and he is almost tailless; but his long bill makes up for these shortcomings. His peculiar appearance and singular habits have given rise to some queer names. Among these are bog-sucker, timber doodle, night peck, hookum pake and Labrador twister. He comes by the name of bog-sucker naturally, and the fact that he is a night prowler accounts for some of the other titles. We know him as woodcock.

Because of his attraction for the hunter, the woodcock faces extinction. In my own community the birds are rare. I know of a few places where they are found each year, but I could not be bribed to reveal the location to the man with a gun. So many so-called "sportsmen" can not resist the temptation to shoot at the erratic target. Not long ago I sat at dinner with one of this tribe, a man whom I know well and who spends most of his time fishing and hunting and playing golf. He had just returned from a visit to a trout stream.

"What success did you have?" one of the party asked.

"Oh, I did not get many trout, but I shot fourteen woodcock. I know it was out of season, but most of the birds are gone before the season opens in October, so I thought I might as well have a little sport." He spoke as if he thought it was smart. As it was only August, some of the victims were doubtless young birds unable to fly well. My respect for this man, who prided himself on his "sportsmanship," went down to zero. With a few more such fellows prowling around unguarded, there would not be a woodcock left.

It always gives me a thrill when a woodcock springs up ahead of me on whirring wings and twists around erratically in its haste to get away. It may alight soon and then run through the cover. There is always a peculiar whistling of the wing feathers. Its habitat may be along the edge of a brook, in damp woods or, rarely, in a cornfield where the soil is soft enough for probing. The bill is thrust down almost to the big eyes, which are set so far back in the head that one wonders if it is not just as easy to look behind as forward.

You can always tell where a woodcock has been feeding, by the holes left by the bill. The upper mandible is sensitive and pliable, so that it can be lifted a trifle and a hold secured upon a worm or grub encountered in the explorations. It is certainly a clever arrangement, for the woodcock seldom misses a victim. It is a gluttonous feeder, and is credited with eating its own weight in worms, grubs and larvae in a night. The economic value may be slight, but the woodcock does lend color and charm to a locality. Its evolutions during courting are wonderful to behold. The male rises up fifty feet or more and then spirals down to the ground time and again.

It was a long time after becoming acquainted with the bog-sucker before I saw a nest. The scarcity of the birds and secretiveness easily explains my failure. A friend called one day and said that he had found a whippoorwill's nest. It was on the ground, so he said, and that would correspond to the woodcock's habits. "What was the bird like?" I asked. "Brownish," he answered. That also might apply to the bog-sucker. When he said, "It has a long bill," I pricked up my ears, for the whippoorwill's bill is about as insignificant as a bird's bill could possibly be and still be of service. So I accompanied him to the scene.

It was an ideal woodcock's nest that he showed me under the shade of a bush. It was in a natural depression and was lined with leaves which blended so perfectly with the plumage that I did not distinguish the madam at first. She remained immovable, the only sign of life being an occasional flicker of the eyelids. I almost touched her before she sprang up, flew a short distance and then tried to fool me by pretending lameness. In the nest were four large buffy eggs thickly spotted with brown. Four seems to be the regular number, and I imagine quadruplets can make trouble enough for the mother, even though they are able to follow her about as soon as thoroughly dried. As this nest was seen on the very last day of June, it was probably a second nesting, for they usually nest much earlier.

Baby woodcock are comical little fellows, covered with yellowish down, and look as though the bill was too long for them to manage. At first they can only totter, but they can soon run about easily and are able to fly within a month. It is said that the mother sometimes carries them about by holding them close to her body with her feet and legs, but I have never witnessed this performance.

Remember the Mass. Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your will.



THE LEAVES OF HER NEST BLEND SO PERFECTLY WITH THE PLUMAGE OF THE WOODCOCK THAT IT IS HARD TO DISTINGUISH HER

## Our Dumb Animals

Published on the first Tuesday of each month by the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, 46 Central Street, Norwood, Massachusetts, Boston office; 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass., to which all communications should be addressed.

Dr. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Editor  
WILLIAM M. MORRILL, Assistant

OCTOBER, 1933

FOR TERMS, see back cover.

AGENTS to take orders for *Our Dumb Animals* are wanted everywhere. Liberal commissions are offered.

EDITORS of all periodicals who receive this publication this month are invited to reprint any of the articles with or without credit.

MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of about three hundred words, are solicited. We do not wish to consider prose manuscripts longer than 800 words, nor verse in excess of thirty-six lines. The shorter the better. All manuscripts should be typewritten and an addressed envelope with full return postage enclosed with each offering.

### He Went to Prison for It

FOR cruelty to animals? No, for preaching against it. It was the Rev. James Granger, vicar of Shiplake, England. He was reproved by his Bishop, denounced by his congregation for prostituting the pulpit by bringing into it a sermon against ill-treating animals. That was what his first sermon upon this subject cost him and this was in 1772. The second sermon of similar nature sent him to prison. This is what the *Golden Era* tells us. If we are ever fortunate enough to reach the place where that good man has gone, we should wonderfully well like to meet him, but probably he'll be too near the front seats for the most of us modern humanitarians ever to make his acquaintance.

### Michael Crowley

He was connected with the Boston police force forty-five years, during eighteen of these he was Superintendent. His sudden death has brought a deep sense of loss and genuine sorrow to multitudes of people in this and other states. Often we have called upon him for assistance and co-operation and always found him a gracious and loyal friend to our cause. It was a pleasure to look into his kind and genial face and feel the sincerity of his friendship. Trying as was the service he rendered the public, he kept up to the very end his good name and a character loved and honored by all who knew him.

### Mrs. Estelle T. Warner

This life-long friend of animals, formerly of Brookline and Boston, has "passed to where beyond these voices there is peace." For years she gave generously, unselfishly of herself and her means to the welfare of all birds and beasts that came within the compass of her knowledge. Her later years would have been less lonely, less hard financially, had she thought more of herself and conserved the abundant resources that would have assured her comfort and care when health failed her. To the very last it was the interest in suffering animals that was uppermost in her mind.

Join the Jack London Club and help stop the cruelty of trained animal acts.

## Vegetarianism

### What About It?

THAT constantly more and more people are becoming vegetarians than a few years ago we doubt not is true. Travelers in England are struck by the many restaurants, hotels and boarding homes where no meat is served. Even in New York we have noticed the growing number of such places. Why many continue to eat meat is in part due to the ignorance of the majority of cooks of how to prepare a vegetable diet appetizing and satisfactory. Quite as much skill is needed by a first-class vegetable cook as by the ordinary meat and vegetable chef. In many cases dishes are prepared so appetizing but containing no animal product that one has to be assured of the fact before he can believe it. That multitudes eat altogether too much meat few will deny. That good health, a vigorous and active constitution can be maintained without meat is evident from the people we often meet—perfect pictures of health—who astonish us by saying they have eaten no meat for many years. Indeed no small part of the world's inhabitants are practically vegetarians, some because they are too poor in certain countries to buy it except occasionally, and millions because of religious scruples. We have seen laborers in more than one foreign land, men doing hard physical work for ten and twelve hours a day and subsisting on vegetables, black bread and a little wine.

It is amazing also to see, if not in this country, at least in England, the imitation of such furs as caracul, nutria lamb and other species made into wraps and other beautiful garments, of which one has really to feel to discover that they are imitations. Many are vegetarians for the sake of their health, many because they would save from the slaughter-pen and the sufferings of the torturing trap every creature possible.

### From Melbourne

This city of Melbourne, Victoria, Australia, is worthy of mention for the excellent work being done by its Animal Welfare League. A hospital for sick animals of the poor is maintained and a very active work is carried on looking after the welfare of animals, large and small. From January 1 of this year to June 30, 5,977 cases, including 313 horses, 2,337 dogs, 1,269 cats and 71 birds, were given such care and treatment as the conditions demanded. We send them our best wishes for the future and for an ever increasing membership of friends and helpers.

### Even in Persia

From Teheran, Persia, we learn through a publication entitled *Persian Youth* that 123 English essays and 29 in the Persian language were sent from twelve different schools and seven cities of Persia for the kindness to animals' essay contest. Among the judges were the president of the Teachers' College at Teheran; the Hon. Charles C. Hart, American Minister to Persia; and Mr. Douglas Busk, secretary of the British Legation. The judges speak highly of the essays. So spreads the spirit of the wider humanity.

## Wisdom or Folly

EACH will answer the question for himself. In this time of peace, with billions being expended to cure the evils which in no small measure grew out of the most needless and destructive war of history, by authority of Congress our Government is to expend \$238,000,000 to build four more great cruisers, while seven others are in process of construction. This not being satisfactory to the Navy Department, Secretary Swanson is asking the President to use \$114,000,000 more of borrowed money for reconditioning our battleships and for other naval purposes.

Japan, aware of this, meets us with the largest navy and army budget in her history, and the navy men of Great Britain are demanding appropriations which shall make it possible for them to keep up with us in the race. Was there really a war during the years 1914-1918? Were we all in it? Has the whole world been staggering on the edge of bankruptcy financially, socially, industrially since then, and yet have we learned nothing?

### Youth on the Job at "Century of Progress"

Frank A. Smothers, reporting in the *Chicago Daily News* for June 15, tells a great story. His report is:

Due to the enterprise of youth and the guidance of Miss Jane Addams, the arts of war are receiving a thorough lacing in the Hall of Social Sciences at A Century of Progress.

What war costs in lives, misery and good American dollars is impressed forcibly on the minds of visitors.

The exhibit, made possible by a gift of \$5,000 from a friend of Miss Addams, was planned by the newly organized Chicago Youth Peace Council. Under its leadership young men and women, in and out of college, act as hosts and hostesses at the scene, ready to answer the questions of inquiring visitors.

### Offering His Living Body

A London paper publishes a letter written by H. DeWinton Wigley which begins: "I have been talking today to a man of 38 who has offered his living body to medical science, so that, while he lives, in the laboratories his blood stream may be inoculated with deadly diseases for experimental purposes." This man, the writer says, is not a fanatic, neither does he want to pose as a hero. He went years ago to China as a missionary. His health failed him. He has been a terrible sufferer. He would be glad if any experiments upon his living body might make possible the healing of any of his fellows. Sanelly, quietly he talks of his offer and is like a soldier to whom comes the call to face a situation which can only have a fatal ending. He makes the offer, he says, in the service of God and his fellows. Special legislation, it is said, would have to be enacted, should physicians consent to experiment upon him.

In making your will, please remember the American Humane Education Society of Boston, the first of its kind in the world.





Founded by Geo. T. Angell. Incorporated March, 1868

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President

ALBERT A. POLLARD, Treasurer

GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary

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Pres.; MISS BESSIE SMALL, Treas.

#### MONTHLY REPORT OF OFFICERS

Miles traveled by humane officers . . .	15,713
Cases investigated . . . . .	402
Animals examined . . . . .	4,813
Number of prosecutions . . . . .	13
Number of convictions . . . . .	11
Horses taken from work . . . . .	21
Horses humanely put to sleep . . . . .	34
Small animals humanely put to sleep . . . . .	1,773

#### Stock-yards and Abattoirs

Animals inspected . . . . .	45,673
Cattle, swine and sheep humanely put to sleep . . . . .	17

The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has been remembered in the wills of Mrs. Ida A. Smith of Salem, Maurice H. Klous of Brookline, Carrie Ella Smith of Charlestown, and Emma A. Green of Keene, N. H.

September 12, 1933

If God should ask me how I had employed my days, I should reply, "Lord, I have told the history of the animals with which you have filled the universe, and I have increased the domain of the birds by planting trees."

BUFFON

#### Angell Memorial Animal Hospital and Dispensary for Animals

184 Longwood Avenue Telephone, Longwood 6100

#### Veterinarians

H. F. DAILEY, V.M.D., Chief

R. H. SCHNEIDER, V.M.D., Asst. Chief

E. F. SCHROEDER, D.V.M.

W. M. EVANS, D.V.S.

G. B. SCHNELLE, V.M.D.

T. O. MUNSON, V.M.D.

HARRY L. ALLEN, Superintendent

#### Springfield Branch

53-57 Bliss Street, Springfield, Mass.

THEODORE W. PEARSON, General Manager

A. R. EVANS, V.M.D., Veterinarian

#### HOSPITAL REPORT FOR AUGUST Including Springfield Branch

Hospital		Dispensary	
Cases entered	766	Cases	2,502
Dogs	547	Dogs	2,015
Cats	206	Cats	434
Birds	5	Birds	43
Horses	4	Marmoset	3
Goats	3	Sheep	2
Raccoon	1	Rabbits	2
Operations	958	Horses	2
		Rat	1

Hospital cases since opening, Mar.

1, 1915 . . . . .	113,428
Dispensary Cases . . . . .	257,055

Total . . . . . 370,483

#### MASSACHUSETTS S. P. C. A. IN THE COURTS

##### Summary of Prosecutions for August

A trainer of horses was charged in court with cruelly beating a horse, the animal showing welts upon its body. Defendant pleaded not guilty but was convicted. He appealed and later paid of fine of \$15.

For failing to provide food for his cat and abandoning it by moving away, an offender was found guilty. Upon payment of \$5 as costs of court, the case was placed on file.

The owner of an aged, feeble horse that was unfit for labor had agreed with humane officer to put the animal away but did not do so. He was summoned to court and found guilty. Case filed and horse ordered killed.

For cruelty to a dog by throwing hot water upon him, a defendant was convicted and fined \$7.80, which was the amount of the veterinary's bill for care of the animal.

Transporting cattle upon a vehicle in an unnecessarily cruel manner, defendant pleaded guilty and was fined \$10.

For cruelly wounding a dog by shooting it with a .22 rifle, defendant guilty and put on probation for six months.

Selling at private sale, a horse when unfit for labor by reason of old age, debility and lameness, offender was fined \$15 and horse was ordered killed.

Knowingly and wilfully subjecting a dog to unnecessary cruelty and suffering (hit-and-run case), driver of car pleaded *nolo* and was fined \$25.

Failing to provide two cats with proper food and drink, the man who had charge of them was fined \$25 and given one month's time to pay fine.

Unnecessarily failing to provide food and shelter for his horse, a defendant, who had tied animal in swamp and gone to New York for seven days, was fined \$20. The animal was found in starved condition and put away.

For cruelly beating a horse an offender who pleaded "not guilty" was found guilty and the case was placed on file.

## The Springfield Bird Hospital

WRITING of the closing of this well-known hospital which has done so much for the birds of Massachusetts, migrants or residents, due to the illness of Miss Coburn who gave so much of her life to it, together with her friend, Miss Ingraham, and lack of funds, the *Massachusetts Audubon Bulletin* says:

"We find there is an ample room in the new Animal Hospital of the M. S. P. C. A. branch on Bliss Street in Springfield, which the Society is willing to convert into a bird hospital, provided funds can be raised to pay for a keeper."

Here would seem to be an especially valuable opportunity for the kind-hearted folk of the Connecticut Valley to rally to the support of the local birds and continue this valuable humane teaching. In the nature of things a bird hospital can give practical service to the birds of a given region only, and its maintenance becomes largely a local problem.

What a fine opportunity for establishing a department at our Springfield Animal Hospital a Memorial Fund in memory of some lover of birds!

## Water for Horses

Attendants at the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. horse-watering stations collectively report that 8,302 animals were served with refreshing drinks during the last twenty-four working-days in August. This summer service of relief, as so many know, is indispensable. It is made necessary by the utter absence of fountains and troughs where animals formerly could obtain water. The total number of horses receiving benefit from our stations up to September 9, when the service stopped, is 25,281.

## Mock Bull-fight Suppressed

A mock bull-fight was prevented from taking place in New Bedford, Mass., as a feature at a recent Sunday carnival. While its promoters had arranged for a rather tame exhibition, which consisted of racing several bulls around a ring and exciting them with red flags, they at once decided to scratch the event from their program after consulting with Officer Winfield E. Dunham of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Mr. Dunham's opinion of such an affair was that it would constitute animal torment and so was not permissible under the law of this state.

## Forsaken

The following is a copy of the printed card hundreds of which our Society posts each year, during August, at the majority of summer resorts throughout Massachusetts:

#### REWARD OF \$20

Offered by the

Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

for evidence which will convict for the criminal offense of

#### ABANDONING A CAT

FRANCIS H. ROWLEY

President of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals

180 Longwood Avenue, Boston



Founded by Geo. T. Angell.

Incorporated 1889

For rates of membership in both of our Societies see back cover. Checks should be made payable to Treasurer.

Officers of the American Humane Education Society  
180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, Mass.

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180 Longwood Ave., Boston

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Mrs. Jennie R. Nichols, Tacoma, Washington  
James D. Burton, Oakdale, Tennessee  
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## Field Representative

Wm. F. H. Wentzell, M.S., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

## Field Lecturer in Massachusetts

Ella A. Maryott

## France and the Horse

A French publication, the organ of a French society especially devoted to the protection of the horse, states that according to the latest census there are in that country 2,919,700 horses, 143,000 mules and 240,970 asses. Total 3,303,670. There are destroyed annually for human consumption in the region of Paris, at the present time, according to the last statistics, approximately 75,000 horses.

## Sang at the Fair

The many friends of that devoted humane worker, Mrs. Wilson Groshans, of Aurora, Illinois, will be glad to learn that she was invited to sing at the World's Fair, August 31, Holland Day. Mrs. Groshans sang "Old Hundred," in English, German and Hollandish. She used an old Dutch Bible which has been in her family (she was a Van Dyke) for over three hundred years.

## Royal Turin S. P. A.

## The Blue Cross

THE Royal Turin Society for the Protection of Animals was founded by Garibaldi in 1871 and was granted state recognition by Royal decree in 1889. Of the twenty-two Italian Societies, it is the oldest, the most active, and the largest in membership. It has 3,400 members. Its aim is to protect animals by defending them from cruelty, insufficient nourishment and any form whatever of ill treatment, and to assist as far as possible the poor who have recourse to it. It has 100 voluntary helpers among the agents of public safety who superintend street traffic, railway yards, stables, slaughter-houses, and markets. In its kennels, capable of housing about 100 animals, it shelters abandoned dogs until homes are found for them.

## Rural Society Does Fine Work

The Susquehanna County Humane Society, a small but very active organization with headquarters in Montrose, Pa., has issued its report for the year ending July 31, 1933. Inspection and relief included 59 horses, 912 cattle, 217 dogs, 235 cats, 31 pigs, 179 sheep, eight goats, 568 chickens, and rabbits, birds and a turtle. Regular stockyard inspections are made on Monday mornings. Less cruelty is found in the present method of shipment by truck over the former one of train transportation. The Society now owns an attractive shelter, including a farm-house occupied by its agent, other buildings and two acres of land upon which commodious kennels have been built. Think what it means to the animals in this rural community to have such an efficient Society in its midst!

## Animals and Forestation

F. M. TANNON

According to reports from an experimental station in the state of Washington, small rodents are playing a very active part in reforestation projects. Mice and chipmunks are helping to replant forests which have been destroyed by fire or by commercial practices.

Some of the large trees remaining in the Douglas fir region do the seeding for those which have been destroyed. But mice and chipmunks help by burying the seeds of the trees just beneath the surface soil. Part of the buried seeds are eaten but a great deal is left to grow for the next season.

The snows and soil movements deceive the rodents as to the location of the buried treasure so they unwittingly allow the seeds to remain. When other trees are cut down, the seeds are brought to light, ready to germinate and grow.

The Douglas firs have a large crop of seeds every two or three years, so the mice and chipmunks are useful aids in saving the seeds for off-years when there is not such a large crop. Thus, some of the smallest and most despised animals in the world—mice and chipmunks—do their share in promoting the growth of the world's largest living things—the trees of the Pacific Coast.

## "Daisy Day" on Cape Ann

"DAISY Day" on Cape Cod, as conducted by the Women's Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., was so successful that it was decided to have a similar occasion on Cape Ann, August 26. Under the direction of Mrs. Edith Washburn Clarke, president of the Auxiliary, a corps of young women both in Gloucester and in Rockport aided in the collection of funds for the work, a substantial sum being realized. Those assisting in Gloucester were Mrs. Joseph T. Moulton, chairman, and Misses Jennie Anderson, Laura Poor, Dorothea Hobbs, Virginia Parsons, Ethel Stanley, Priscilla Smith, Priscilla Wonson, Hope Hilton, Marjorie Jensen, Virginia Weeks, Mary Cameron, Mary Cowing, Phyllis Arnold, Lois Castle, Dorothy Spinks, Caroline Atwater, Priscilla Kippen, Ivy Kippen, June Gorman, Helen Wonson, Caroline Jacobs, Mary Cameron, Mabelle Cameron and Olive Olson.

In Rockport there were two chairmen, Mrs. Florence A. Morrill and Miss Marion Grayce, who were assisted by Misses Marjorie Morrill, Felicia Ricchia, Betty Wonson, Mary Mare, Anna Quinn, Esther Johnson, Cora Lane, Francis Wilkinson, Virginia Sturat and Virginia Curtis.

Plans are now being made for a Branch organization, to be called the Cape Ann Auxiliary of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. Many prominent club women in that territory are aiding the work, as they feel they may be able to accomplish practical results, especially in restraining summer visitors from abandoning pets. Those interested should address Mrs. Clarke, president of the Auxiliary, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston.

## Anti-Steel Trap Law

Massachusetts, a year or two ago, stepped out in front and enacted an anti-trapping law. It took a long step forward and in part made amends for some of the silly things perpetrated in the past. But it seems that it was too much for the legislature of that state to be really progressive and stand out in a great humanitarian cause. A majority of the people of that state were heard on this question and gave their mandate to the law makers in no uncertain way, and at that time the legislature heard and obeyed the mandate. But this legislature seems to have forgotten that, or do they think, as legislatures seem to think, that the people do not know what they want? This recent effrontery of the law makers of Massachusetts will be met by an aroused people who will meet and answer their challenge in no uncertain way. They will be asked to do over and better than before the fine work they have just undone.

—Red Ranger

## Fondouk Report Delayed

The report of the American Fondouk at Fez, Morocco, for July was not received in time for this issue but will appear next month.

A man is ethical only when life, as such, is sacred to him, that of plants and animals as that of his fellow-men, and when he devotes himself helpfully to all life that is in need of help. ALBERT SCHWEITZER

## The Kindness Cult

FROM an article by Mrs. E. C. Dow, president of International Humane League, we quote these selections:

The toy pistol is the favorite plaything. The street play is followed by a further education in crime by the movies. Motion pictures idealize—daily newspapers build up and play up the gangster. It is the aim of our schools to turn out good citizens. The most compelling force in achieving that aim is the teaching of kindness and justice to all living things—to our fellow-men and to animals.

Crime, which has its foundation in cruelty, is a disregard of the rights and happiness of others. The most cruel and dangerous criminals are frequently those of superior education, if the mind only is educated, and not the heart. Knowledge gives power, for good or ill. The inculcation of kindness in the everyday life ennobles and raises the standard of morals. It prevents criminal tendencies arising in the minds of youth. Its practice is a sign of development to the highest reaches of intelligence and sympathy.

Why do we have desperate criminals, and what is the remedy? The criminals, murderers and cut-throats of tomorrow are moulded from the youth of today. One of the acid tests of human fitness is wrought out in our habits of dealing with living creatures, human and sub-human. Where kindness dominates, wars cannot originate, and prisons are empty. Kindness is like a garden plant. It grows by cultivation. Cruelty is like a weed which grows apace, stifling every worthy impulse.



THE SICK MONKEY

From a painting by Sir Edwin Landseer

## Character Building Through Humane Education

A radio address by Principal GLENN ROBINSON, Mary Snow School, Bangor, Me.

THERE are those who say that the school should stick to the three R's.

That character training, manners and morals and mental health, are not the function of the public schools. We who are connected with education, certainly believe that the three R's should be stressed, but along with them and equally important—yes, more important—should stand the teaching of physical, mental, and moral health—the moulding of character.

Many children come from homes where little attention is given to the finer things of life. Many never see the inside of a church or Sunday-school. Only a comparatively few can be Boy Scouts or Girl Scouts, so it falls upon the school to do what it can to make life rich and full for the child,—to give him practice as well as theory in well doing.

Humane education is one of the best means of accomplishing this end. It does it through indirect teaching, through suggestion, through example, through cooperative effort,—“Precept upon precept, line upon line, here a little, and there a little.”

The late Burt Jay Tice, one time superintendent of schools in Massachusetts, gives the following objectives of humane education:

1. Practical knowledge about the care of pets, domestic animals, and birds, and their value to man.

2. The prevention of suffering to animals.

3. Training in thoughtfulness, sympathy and mercy, for the prevention of all cruelty towards either man or beast.

The child learns about animals as the helpers of man—often his most trusted friends and companions. He learns that they have a right to live and to be protected from all unnecessary suffering. Through care of pets, or feeding birds in winter, he soon acquires a sense of responsibility for their welfare. Through exchanging experiences with his companions, or listening during the Band of Mercy meetings, he has right attitudes and high ideals of kindness brought to his attention, again and again, and before long the habit of kindness becomes a part of his behavior pattern.

Humane education arouses in the child an interest in the great out-of-doors, and the creatures that live there. No child with a consuming desire to study the birds, flowers and little woods' creatures, or to collect aquatic life for his aquarium will

spend much time with the corner gang. He will be too busy with something worth while. Aside from this wholesome effect on the child's character, the contact with the out-of-doors is conducive to the physical well being of the child.

Humane education gives practice as well as theory in doing kind deeds. The children vie with each other in presenting ideas for animals' comfort, to the class. The performance of kindly deeds, the protection of the weak and helpless, affects the child like a stimulant, and he is moved to do other deeds of kindness.

I have been surprised to see children, whose chief delight before they belonged to the Band of Mercy was to throw rocks at squirrels and birds and to tease dogs and cats, now come with suggestions for the care and protection of these creatures. What has been taking place within the hearts of these children?

A child who is taught kindness to animals, and who acquires the habit of kindness, will be kind to humans as well. Someone, whose name I do not know, says: “Humane education inspires the child to feed the birds in winter, to put tin cans and broken glass in their proper receptacles, and to do a hundred and one little deeds which make for kindness and civic pride.”

The child learns that he can help, and he rejoices in his participation. From all these facts, from his understanding, and his interest in the creation, he will gain a background invaluable in suggestion, and rich in feeling and sentiment, which will enable him to truly appreciate nature, art and literature.

Therefore the fundamental thing in humane education is the reaction upon the character of the child. The child trained to apply the Golden Rule in his dealing with pets, or other birds and animals, is likely to be governed by the same ideal in his relations to his fellow-men. “For out of the heart are the issues of life.”

## Albert Schweitzer's Ethics

“Devoted as I was from boyhood to the cause of the protection of animal life, it is a special joy to me that the universal ethic of Reverence for Life shows that sympathy with animals which is so often represented as sentimentality, to be a duty which no thinking man can escape. Hitherto ethics have faced the problem of man and beast either uncomprehending or helpless. Even when sympathy with the animal creation was felt to be right, it could not be brought within the scope of ethics, because ethics were really focussed only on the behavior of man to man.

“When will the time come when public opinion will tolerate no longer any popular amusements which depend on the ill-treatment of animals!”

Like the star that shines afar,  
Without haste and without rest,  
Let each man wheel with steadfast way  
Around the task that rules the day,  
And do his best. GOETHE



## Reply

NELLE GRAVES MCGILL

*I pondered, as I sat one sparkling day  
Watching two colts, a sorrel and a bay,  
That raced, with flying mane and pulsing  
flank,  
Joyous and free upon the river bank:*

*"Those poor dumb creatures! Can they  
understand  
Or sense earth's beauty? Do they know the  
Hand  
That put them here, and gives them drink  
and food?  
Can they feel reverence, or gratitude?"*

*The sorrel colt, his nostrils keen, a-quiver,  
Halted, with head upflung, beside the river;  
Sniffed the clean air, cool water, and green  
sod,  
And neighed—as if he might be thanking  
God!*

## To Prohibit Live Decoys

FRANK H. CROSS

TWO reforms in the Federal Game Regulations are sought by Dr. William T. Hornaday, director of the Permanent Wild Life Protection Fund, and he has issued a call to friends of wild life to write to Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, in Washington, and voice their approval of them. One of the reforms sought is to forbid the baiting of game to entice it up to the guns. The other is to forbid the use of live decoys to lure geese and ducks into a barrage of guns. Dr. Hornaday, in defense of these reforms, points out that:

"Of course, it is probable that the stoppage of those two too-deadly practices, whenever carried out, will give rise to protests from the gunners whose deadly methods are stopped. . . Of course, some of the 'shooting stands' of Massachusetts might go out of business. Of course, some of the 'goose-selling' clubs of Illinois and California might be reduced. Every reform measure necessarily reforms the objectionable practice it seeks to abate."

It is Dr. Hornaday's conviction that certain migratory birds will be completely exterminated in a few years and that everything possible should be done to retard or prevent the disappearance of wild life. The high-flying geese and ducks, weaving a faint line against the far sky to which we lift our eyes as the seasons change, are too near the mystery of Time and Change in our hearts to be destroyed merely for a thrill to the hunter who enjoys seeing a bird on the wing brought hurtling down to earth by a leaden slug.

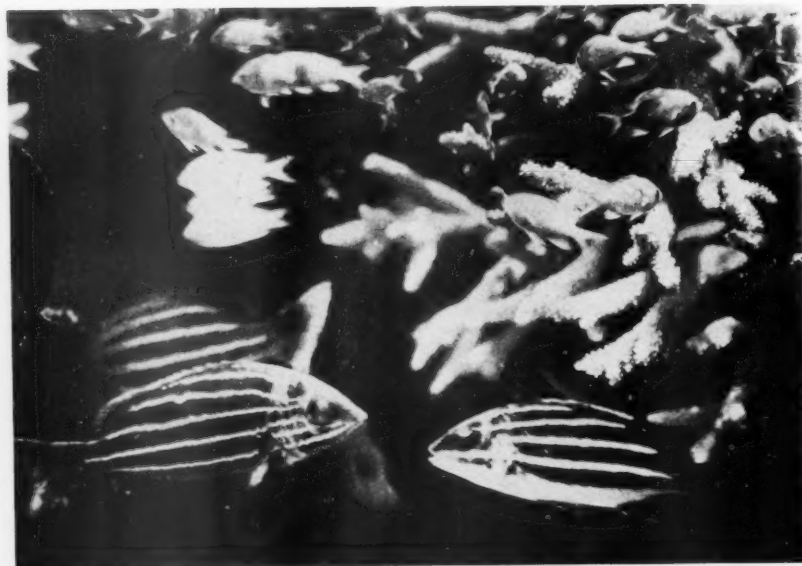
## Help Retired Workers

The American Humane Education Society has received gifts of \$6,067 as a trust fund for the benefit of field missionaries and others who have spent their lives in promoting humane education.

We will welcome your contribution to this fund. Please make checks payable to Treasurer, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, and specify that the amount contributed is for the Humane Education Trust Fund.

## The Wonderland of Australia

S. M. NEAL



MARINE LIFE ON THE GREAT CORAL REEF

THE GREAT Barrier Reef is that fringe, a coral curtain circling the northeast corner of Australia, the coast of Queensland, enclosing a channel between it and the mainland, in some places twenty miles wide and much more in others. This reef is probably the most exquisite bit of coral formation in the world. The illustration, used by the courtesy of the Australian Travel Association, shows a bit of the intricate patterned formations. These prove that coral can be excitingly different from any other lime formation. It is a mistake to think of coral as the lifeless pink, white or red of the beads and trinkets one sees in jewelry stores or like the exhibits seen in museums. Such things indicate no living charm but a glimpse of Great Barrier Reef quickly corrects any such idea of coral. This vast coral curtain, which in places is only 15 miles from the continent, reaches down into the sea to almost incredible depths and is of very steep formation.

Cape York is a settlement at the very northernmost tip of Australia, a peninsula projecting into Torrens Strait and separating Australia from the island of New Guinea. Thus Cape York is the beginning of the Reef which extends for 1,250 miles down the east coast of Queensland to Lady Eliot Island where is located a lighthouse. At points the reef is a stretch of irregular coral island with atolls and lagoons at intervals and sometimes covered with vegetation, sometimes fringed with cocoanut palms and often quite bare.

At places where rivers from the mainland flow into the channel between the mainland and the reef, the reef will be broken, for the coral polyp dies in fresh water. Some of these breaks in the reef are wide enough to allow passage but generally are narrow.

The picture shows tropical fish swimming about the dainty plant-like formations which are of subdued colors, bright colors,

glistening white and the famous rare black coral. All manner of plant-like forms, geometrical designs and fantastic shapes make the coral growth a surprise.

The world first learned of the Great Barrier Reef in 1770, when Captain Cook exploring for England, accidentally brought his ship "Endeavor," into the channel between the reef and the mainland and consequently suffered considerable damage from the dangerous sharp projections of the reef, and had to put up for repairs. Mariners have learned to steer carefully through this enchanted blue channel and to keep off the brown and green water which indicate danger below. The reef is now fully charted as it was not in Captain Cook's time, nor was navigation the exact science then that it is today, and the toothed formations can be avoided.

The fauna of the Reef is necessarily limited and the only member of the kangaroo family found here is the tree-climbing member. However, all naturalists, whether botanists, geologists or zoologists, find life on the Reef fascinating and some who came for short stays have remained for years.

## One End All Right

Willie went with his father to see a young colt. He patted its head and seemed delighted with the animal in general until its owner cautioned him to be careful that the colt. Willie said: "I liked him pretty well. He's very tame in front—but he's awful wild behind."

—Christian Science Monitor

Our readers are urged to clip from "Our Dumb Animals" various articles and request their local editors to republish. Copies so mutilated will be made good by us upon application.

## Darwin and the Dog

C. M. LITTELJOHN

DARWIN was as keen an observer of the dog as he was of wild animals which support his great theory of the survival of the fittest. Particularly has he noted the language of this friend of man, studied his vocabulary, and indicated his absence of dumbness by various expressions that served as outlet for emotion and communication, in his celebrated work on the "Descent of Man." Various paragraphs therein are devoted to the dog.

The great scientist, for instance, has this observation to record:

"It is a more remarkable fact that the dog, since being domesticated, has learned to bark in at least four or five distinct tones. Although barking is a new art, no doubt the wild parent-species of the dog expressed their feelings by cries of various kinds. With the domesticated dog we have the bark of eagerness, as in the chase; that of anger, as well as growling; the yelp or howl of despair, as when shut up; the baying at night; the bark of joy as when starting on a walk with his master; and the very distinct one of demand or supplication, as when wishing for a door or window to be opened."

He pointed out further that: "It is curious to speculate on the feelings of a dog, who will rest peacefully for hours in a room with his master or any of the family, without the least notice being taken of him; but if left for a short time by himself, barks or howls dismally."

Then again, he cites:

"I have myself seen a dog who never passed a cat who lay sick in a basket and was a great friend of his without giving her a few licks with his tongue, the surest sign of kind feeling in a dog."

"It must be called sympathy that leads a courageous dog to fly at any one who strikes his master, as he certainly will. I saw a person pretending to beat a lady, who had a very timid little dog on her lap, and the trial had never been made before; the little creature instantly jumped away, but after the pretended beating was over, it was really pathetic to see how perseveringly he tried to lick his mistress' face, and comfort her."

Thus are some of the friendly and spiritual attributes of this great friend of man noted in the "Descent of Man," a more or less neglected book these days, yet one in which man may learn to rate this friendship higher and take pride in its achievement.

There would be little fear of dogs "going mad," if they were supplied with water whenever they wanted it. Always keep a supply available.

## The Eagle and the "N R A"

ROBERT PRICE

ALTHOUGH there are few living eagles left in Ohio, America's finest and oldest monument to the national bird is to be found in that state. Could they have known, the various members of the eagle clans would have uttered a few extra screams of family pride recently for the unique ceremony in their honor which took place in Ohio's newest state preserve, Moundbuilders' State Park at Newark.

The ceremony was the opening of the "NRA" campaign in that particular locality. All summer the "Blue Eagle" emblem has been reminding the nation of the one bird which most perfectly symbolizes the spirit and aspirations of the American people. Now it happens that the model for this "Blue Eagle" design was not just any eagle, not even merely the American eagle which has adorned the country's insignia from the earliest days. Instead the artist who created the "NRA" posters is said to have turned for his idea to that particular eagle which has been the patron deity of human well-being far back into the dimmest beginnings of civilization on the American continent—the "Thunderbird" of the American Indians and of the earlier moundbuilders.

At Newark, Ohio, in a great circular earthwork enclosure containing some thirty acres there is an impressive eagle mound which is probably the most venerable effigy of the holy "Thunderbird" in America. This mound, which measures 200 feet from one wing tip to another with a body 145 feet long and, when first discovered, with a height of seven feet, forms the central shrine in a majestic system of earthworks which at one time included some twelve miles of embankments, geometrical enclosures, parallel walls, mounds, etc. The best of these, which are well preserved in Ohio's new park, are the finest and most impres-

sive monuments of the moundbuilder culture remaining in America. No doubt the eagle effigy was a holy of holies to these primitive people.

The "NRA" observance at this shrine on August 31 was probably the most unique "Blue Eagle" program in all the recent campaign. The program was opened with an impressive, traditional Indian ritual to the "Thunderbird," enacted by the Tribe of Gimogash from the local Boy Scouts, a ceremonial no doubt suggestive of the original pagan rites which thousands of years before called together the moundbuilder hosts to invoke the mercies of the Great Spirit in times of drought and famine. This service was followed by Christian invocation and by talks given by national leaders of the "NRA" drive. One particularly striking feature was the speech of Dr. Henry C. Shetrone, curator of the Ohio State Archaeological and Historical Museum, one of the world's most distinguished archaeologists, who exhibited a great stone slab bearing an incised figure of the Thunderbird, which was originally found in a southern Ohio mound and which is now one of the most prized items in Ohio's great collection of moundbuilder artifacts.

Primitive Americans believed the eagle deity to be the controller of all the various manifestations of the elements. The wind and the thunder were produced by the flapping of his wings. Lightning flashed when he winked his eyes. Rain was carried in a great reservoir on his shoulders and was released as the bird soared through the air. Not unlike his twentieth century "Blue Eagle" descendant, the mighty bird was looked to for the very means of every-day human subsistence.

A few other bird mounds occur in the United States, some of them in Wisconsin, others in Georgia. None of them, however, possess the impressiveness of the eagle effigy in Ohio's new park.

That the ancient Newark mounds, which archaeologists now believe to mark the culmination of the "Hopewell" or highest stage of the moundbuilder culture, should contain a shrine to America's greatest bird is quite fitting—so fitting indeed, that a recent writer in the New York Sun has even urged that the park be acquired by the Federal government for a national monument.

## Annuity Bonds

Many men and women, lovers of animals, are getting both happiness and material comfort from our two Societies' Annuity Bonds. These bonds are absolutely safe. They pay from 4 to 8%—according to your age. Send the coupon for full details. The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. (or) The American Humane Education Society 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass.

Without obligation to me, please send me your folder which tells all about your Annuity Bonds.

Name ..... Age .....

Address .....

City ..... State .....



Photo from Soibelman

### UNUSUAL COMPANIONS IN ATTRACTIVE POSE

A remarkable friendship has been formed between a pedigreed Alsatian and a young fox found wandering on a farm. The Alsatian immediately took charge of the cub and the two are now inseparable companions, even sharing the same bed.

## The Band of Mercy

DR. FRANCIS H. ROWLEY, President  
GUY RICHARDSON, Secretary  
E. A. MARYOTT, State Organizer

### PLEDGE

I will try to be kind to all living creatures and try to protect them from cruel usage.

The American Humane Education Society will send to every person who forms a Band of Mercy of thirty members, and sends the name chosen for the Band and the name and post-office address of the president who has been duly elected, special Band of Mercy literature and a gilt badge for the president.

See inside front cover for prices of literature and Band of Mercy supplies.

### NEW BANDS OF MERCY

One hundred and seventy-one new Bands of Mercy were reported during August. Of these, 158 were in Illinois, seven in Syria, five in Virginia, and one in Tennessee.

Total number Bands of Mercy organized by Parent American Society, 196,355

## Sunshine and Kindness

The "Kiddie Klub Kolumn," a daily feature of the *Mercury*, Medford, Mass., carries the motto, "Be Kind to Our Dumb Animals," at the top of its columns. It reports the doings of the "Daddy Sunshine Club" which now has a membership of more than 4,000. Recently this enterprising newspaper offered prizes to the boys and girls who should write the best stories or poems about their dogs, their cats, or any other pets. This is an excellent idea for other papers to take up in order to interest their young readers in kindness to animals.

## The Woodchopper and the Ruffed Grouse

LAST winter I made one very close acquaintance with nature.

While chopping wood in a swamp a short distance from home, I became aware of the fact that a partridge had become unusually friendly. As I was anxious to continue this friendship, or I should say, make it stronger, I started to bring food for the bird. It soon became tame enough to allow me to pick it up. It would follow me from place to place much like a dog.

I told a few friends who love nature also about this queer friendship. No one, however, would believe me till they saw me and the bird together.

It is now two months since I became acquainted with my feathered friend. During these weeks we have become greatly attached to one another. She will appear to me as soon as she hears the sound of my axe in the woods.

Cameras have been taken into the woods, and we have now, at my home, both still pictures and "movies" of the bird with which to convince doubtful friends who were unable to make the trip into the swamp and actually see the strange sight.

This incident has given me many thrills and great pleasure; I am sure that any one who could witness this phenomenon would share my feeling.

JAMES N. ROOT, JR., '33 in the *Suffield Alumni Quarterly*

Be Kind to Animals Week will be celebrated next year April 16-21, with Humane Sunday, April 15.



LITTLE "WHITE-FOOT"

## The Chameleon Turn-coat

F. M. TANNON

THERE is one type of camouflage that men have never duplicated. Probably never will men perfect a device which can change its color to suit its background. Yet, in the little chameleon, Nature has an animal which will change from green to gray in order to blend harmoniously with the background.

The powers of the little chameleon are often exaggerated. He will not change to a brilliant red or a deep purple as soon as he is placed on such a colored background. But, he will change to any color or shade of green, blue, yellow or gray. The change is slow, but the wonderful thing is that the change is there! Almost while one watches, the chameleon changes his outer color, sometimes even going so far as to change various spots and markings which help to make him almost invisible against his similar background.

The chameleon is a small lizard. He is a quaint sight even without his color adaptability. His eyes roll separately instead of together the way they do on other animals. Thus, he can see far to one side and straight in front without turning his head. His tail is his most active part and really quite useful. He is a gentle, slow-moving creature, but when he is angry he puffs up like a balloon.

Can men ever hope to duplicate the chameleon's color-changing feat?

## Bright Visitors

MARGARET E. BRUNER

*With graceful and unstudied pose,  
Two birds alighted on the lawn—  
Their breasts, a brilliant hue of rose,  
A blend of sunset-fire and dawn.*

*They paused to drink, then soared in flight.  
Their beauty thrilled me like the gleam  
Of some long-sought celestial light  
One glimpses only in a dream.*

*Though I may never chance to see  
Their kind again, the vision stays  
To lend a bit of cheer to me  
Through winter's dark and gloomy days.*

## One of Nature's Musicians

H. J. RENN

TWILIGHT has come. The chickens have gone to roost. The lights in the house have been turned on. But—the radio is silent.

Through the open window one of Nature's artists is sending notes as pure and sweet as can be made. A mocking-bird, somewhere in the shrubbery, is reveling in the beauty of its own notes.

Have you ever been awakened in the dead hours of the night, when everything else was quiet and still, and heard the beautiful notes of some mocking-birds outside your window? Or did you know that you were listening to mocking-birds?

Long before radio artists acquired fame, the mocking-bird was recognized as a musician throughout most of the world. His notes range the scale. One moment the notes may be high and shrill, then soft and low, then a note of sadness may arise, suddenly replaced by one of joy, as, with a burst of music, he leaps into the air, then settles back to his perch.

Unless you know the mocking-bird when you hear him, you might be fooled into thinking that you were listening to another bird, for he can imitate many other birds. It is understood that a mocking-bird has been known to imitate over thirty different birds in ten minutes.

If you want to see a real display of courage, just watch anyone or anything approach the nest containing some young ones. A sudden burst of scolding fury will be after the intruder. The mother and daddy birds love their little ones, and do not hesitate to defend them. If we could just understand bird talk, there is no telling what we would hear at a time like that.

These nests may be found at various places in the shrubbery, trees, woodpiles, or fences, and at other places. Judging from the way the nest is made, I wonder if the birds do not have a knowledge of the medicinal or insecticide traits of various herbs and woods.

Do not kill these birds. When you see boys shooting at them with air rifles and bean shooters, tell them that the mocking-birds destroy many insects that might do harm to crops and fruits and vegetables. What little of these things the birds eat, they deserve for the good they do.

And, too, their singing in the trees and shrubbery about the house is so musical, so freely given, so care-free and joyous, who is there who would not wish to protect them and make them feel at home in the yard?

Someone has stated that one of the sweetest songs ever heard was that of a mocking-bird, singing, while the wind blew a gale, and the ocean rolled upon the wreck-strewn sand. In a time like that, who would not appreciate a bird with the courage and enthusiasm to sing in the face of danger?

Birds of the air may be divided into three classes as regards their powers of flight: those which use wings to transport themselves from place to place (most of our common birds), those that soar into the sky to scan the country for their prey (hawks), and those which feed as they fly (swallows, nighthawks).



# CHILDREN'S PAGE

## Bathing Canaries

SOLVEIG PAULSON

*Little yellow fluff-balls bathing,  
Diamond drops upon their wings!  
See that little bright-eyed fellow,  
How he swells his throat and sings!*

*Little, yellow, pert canaries,  
Splashing in the morning light;  
How their golden feathers glisten,  
And their eyes, how black and bright!*

*Preening, smoothing, flustered feathers,  
Surely 'tis a pretty sight,  
Little yellow fluff balls bathing,  
Splashing in the morning light!*

## Swift Rainbow Fairies

EUGENE REYNOLDS

IN the winter, far to the south, in Panama, the ruby-throated humming-bird, the swift fairy of the rainbow, is flying from flower garden to flower garden, drinking nectar from the lovely blossoms. But soon, not because of lack of food, or any change in the climatic conditions, but because of a strange, God-given instinct, this little fairy decides to fly northward.

Away, away, away he flies over rivers, jungles and mountains to Mexico. Then he will fly on and on until he reaches the Gulf of Mexico. And without hesitating, he flies above the stormy waters of the Gulf, to Cuba, and finally he reaches our own country.

You may see these tiny fairies flying among the roses, petunias, sweet peas, nasturtiums, lilies, columbine and honeysuckles. First you hear a strange buzzing sound, then you locate these fairies. They are but two inches long, heads and backs are green and their breasts are brown. The throat of the mother bird is dark, but the throat of the male bird is ruby red.

If you watch the fountains or pools nearby, you will see the humming-birds taking their bath. If the pool is shallow enough, they may do a little wading! And if wasps, bees or moths come near, they will drive them away.

Soon the mother bird begins making a nest, and the male bird helps a little. The nest is made of ferns, tiny leaves, down and thistle-down, or cotton, and is fastened together with something resembling the web of a spider. Two little eggs are laid in this nest and the mother sits on them for two weeks. In the meantime the male bird flies here and there, driving off any birds which come too close to the nest. Sparrows, thrushes, bluebirds and wrens, as well as larger birds are chased away from the vicinity of the nest. Also the male bird goes hunting for spiders, for spiders are the favorite food of humming-birds!

When the eggs hatch, two little birds are seen in the nest. But you would never think they were humming-birds! They are ugly, black, skin-covered, balls. But the mother begins feeding them on spiders and soon the skin comes off and out comes a pretty little bird, covered with down. Tail and wing feathers grow fast, and so does the bird, and within a short time it flies onto a tree limb.

And the very next day you may see the young birds, flying among the roses, honeysuckles and trumpet vines.



INNOCENCE AND FIDELITY

## Globe-trotting Birds

JASPER B. SINCLAIR

THE champion globe-trotter of all birds is perhaps the Arctic tern. This bird breeds so far north that the first nest was discovered only  $7\frac{1}{2}$  degrees from the Pole. It contained a chick surrounded by a wall of newly fallen snow that had been scooped out of the nest by the parent.

After the nesting season the terns leave the North and proceed to their winter home on the edge of the Antarctic continent, 11,000 miles away. These terns probably enjoy more hours of daylight than any other living thing as the midnight sun already has appeared in the Arctic before they arrive, while daylight is continuous in the Antarctic during their sojourn there.

The route traveled by the terns has long mystified scientists, since they are practically unknown at any time of the year on the southern coasts of the United States or South America. During recent years, however, through the process of banding the birds, several astounding facts have been revealed.

On October 1, 1927, a tern carrying a Biological Survey band was picked up near La Rochelle, France. This bird had been marked as a chick in Turnevik Bay, Labrador, on July 22, 1927, and it had thus flown at least 2,500 miles when hardly three months old. In the following year more birds were banded at Turnevik Bay, and one of these was found dead near Port Shepstone, Natal, South Africa, on November 14, 1928. The shortest possible distance that it could have traveled was 8,000 miles, while 9,000 miles is probably nearer correct. This flight was made in 90 days, so that the bird traveled 100 miles per day on the average. Truly a remarkable globe-trotting record!

If you are not a member of the Band of Mercy, write to 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston, for full information about it.

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## ON BEHALF OF ANIMALS

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Nothing finer in film photography, nothing superior in visualizing practical Humane Work has ever been accomplished than in this production which shows the activities of the Angell Animal Hospital of the Massachusetts S. P. C. A., Boston, scenes at the Society's Rest Farm for Horses, Methuen, and glimpses of the Society's various Animal Shelters.

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TELL THE HUMANE STORY IN PICTURES WHICH FASCINATE YOUNG AND OLD

*Terms on application to Secretary*

Massachusetts S. P. C. A., 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston

### Pacific Fisher on Way to Extinction

A. H. GOODWIN

THE Pacific fisher, also known as the pennant marten, or pekan, is one of the handsomest wild mammals of the Pacific Northwest. It is much larger than the marten, but resembles it in general appearance. A good specimen weighs from eight to thirteen pounds, with a grayish-brown body about twenty-three inches long, and a tail about fourteen inches in length. The legs are quite short.

When seen in the trees it looks much like a big black cat with a bushy tail. On the ground it resembles a black fox. The name fisher is a misnomer, for it is not known to catch fish, although it will eat them when available. Its diet consists largely of mice,

squirrels, and other rodents, although other items on the diet are varied and interesting. One of the most surprising of these is the porcupine, which is equipped with large, sharp needles, some being nearly three inches long—sharp needles that are designed to penetrate to the remotest part of its enemy's body. It is remarkable that the fisher should enjoy feeding upon a beast in whose capture he must be pierced with a number of these sharp needles.

This beautiful mammal has never been abundant anywhere, and there is no doubt about its scarcity at present. Its beautiful grayish-brown, or brownish-black, pelt has stirred trappers to unremitting pursuit. The market price ranges from \$20 to \$125. With these unusual rewards in sight, the fisher, like the marten and other fur bearers, is due for extinction outside of preserves unless vigorous steps are taken to protect it.

### The Oneness of all Creation

St. Francis considered all created beings as coming from the paternal heart of God. This community of origin made him feel a real fraternity with them all. He said: "They have the same source as we had. Like us, they derive the life of thought, will, and love from the Creator... Not to hurt our humble brethren was our first duty to them; but to stop there, a complete misapprehension of the intentions of Providence. We have a higher mission. God wishes that we should succor them whenever they require it." ST. BONAVENTURA

### Our Dumb Animals

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#### TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will, kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our Society is "The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals": that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequest especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital should, nevertheless, be made to The Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Hospital," as the Hospital is not incorporated but is the property of that Society and is conducted by it.

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